



Dumplings make the Stew Weight for weight, dumplings are over five times as nutritious as beef. The gluten in the flour is "the lean of the meat of the wheat"—it is the muscle-building, blood-forming element. Made from FIVE ROSES flour, your stew dumplings contain the energy-building elements so plentifully stored up in the best Manitoba wheat. Therefore, next stew day pop FIVE ROSES dumplings into the savoury mess. Besides jumping up its sustenance value *enormously*, your family will be gratefully sensible of a new deliciousness. Taste, economy, nutrition — all are served by using

Five Roses[★]
FLOUR for Breads-Cakes
Puddings-Pastries

How gratefully welcome are stew-days when FIVE ROSES makes the dumplings! Light and porous as the crumb of well-risen bread, airy fairy bits of toothsome nutrition.

Not for dumplings and puddings alone; but for bread, pies, biscuits, rolls and pastries, no other flour brings you that *constant* satisfaction so coveted by ambitious housewives. It is so well-liked that almost a million mothers will use no lesser flour than FIVE ROSES for all their baking.

Packed in bags of 7, 14, 24, 49 and 98 lbs. Or barrels of 196 and 98 lbs.

Your dealer can easily get FIVE ROSES for you.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

All about DUMPLINGS and PUDDINGS—Send to-day for the famous 144-page FIVE ROSES Cook Book. Gives over 240 tested cake recipes, and fully 50 infallible directions and hints on bread-making. Besides pages on biscuits and pastries. So indispensable that already over 200,000 ambitious housewives have sent for their own copy. Mailed on receipt of 10 two-cent stamps. Address Dept. D.

★ GUARANTEED
NOT BLEACHED—NOT BLENDED.

When you
Think of Dumplings
Think of FIVE ROSES

came to meet him. The moon behind dark specter-trees seemed almost to throw shadows on the carpet at his feet. But he did not heed them. He turned directly from it and faced the side wall. He went to "The Old Oak" hung there with its neighbors, no more conspicuous, no more fine but holding in its canvas all of Blake-lock's loves—the sharp twisting tree-limbs against a twilight sky. Somewhere from the depths of that picture there came a light, and it spread over the painter's face. He began at once to tell about it, how and where he painted it; he pointed to the tracery in the trees, and called Watrous's attention to

artistic details of execution having to do with backgrounds and color.

And now it was that Ralph Albert Blakelock came back—not as he came in physical shape to the city—but in spirit and in mind. His pictures seemed to be the link which the period of exceptional calm upon which he has lately entered needed for fullness. His memory became inordinately clear. He went from one to the other of his paintings, saying: "Now, Harry, you remember about this." And, "Doctor, you know I only got thirty dollars for this," telling who bought it and how he dickered for a better price when the offer was out of bounds too low.

Then he came to his "Moonlight." Again he pondered about the trunk of that tree which upheld such a load of moon-struck branches.

"Yes, I think that trunk is just the right size now. You see, I was not at all sure up there [meaning at Middle-town] whether or not after all that trunk would bear the branches. But it is all right."

Now those who had hovered around, hearing his first words and watching the joy of the home-coming, took places in the rear. Left to himself, he strolled around, bowing to an attendant and explaining to her at length about his

"Ruby Wine," which was hung in the anteroom.

"I painted that for Mr. Herter, before he went to Paris," he said. "He died over there, and never saw it. See how ancient it looks, as if some old fellow a thousand years old had done it. But that is because it is done on a wood-panel. I got \$25 for that picture." And as he mentioned this figure, which would not pay insurance on the painting's value to-day, he had no sadness in his voice, no deep hurt at the injustice done. Rather light was his tone, as if this were a circumstance in the life of an artist.